VOL. XXXI.

THE STORMY PASSAGE.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES IN THE AN-CIENT VILLAGE OF CAPERNAUM.

livered on the Banks of the Lake Where Christ Stilled the Tempest So Many Cen-

CAPERNAUM, Dec. 15.—The Rev. T.

De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here today to a group of friends on "The Stormy Passage," taking for his texts the verses of the gospel following: John vi, 17: "Entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum;" and Mark iv, 39: "And he arose and rebuked the wind and the sea." He said:

the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of his life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power. and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! It has been the wish of my life—I cannot say the hope, for I never expected the privilege—to stand on the banks of Galilee. What a solemnity and what a rapture to be here! I can now understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert Mc-Chevyon who beginned to the standard the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert Mc-Chevyon who beginned to the standard the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert Mc-Chevyon who beginned to the standard the feeling of the feeling of the standard the Cheyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But he that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet, Thou calm reposing sea; But ah! far more, the beautiful feet

I can now easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. From the gentle way this lake treated our boat when we sailed on it yesterday, one would have thought it incapable of a paroxysm of rage, but it was quite different on both the occasions spoken of in my two texts. I close my ever and the two texts. I close my eyes, and the shore of Lake Galilee as it now is, with but little signs of human life, disappears, and there comes back to my vision the lake as it was in Christ's time. It lay in a scene of great lux-uriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, grooved, so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of

rock and hill an oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake, and countrymen in fish smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. O, what a beauti-

night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Genbut there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we has-

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic yessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing mes-sengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into sommolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the mo-tion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sconer is Christ prostrate, and his head touched the pillow, than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises

of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deerat bay among patches of foam are flung into the air: the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds omek like pistols; the

and falls like a sleeping child on the

THE STORM. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto him: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisher-man's coat, walks to the front of the That great personage lifts All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from his beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward he cries: "Peace!" Looking downward he says:

The waves fall flat on their faces. the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches. The tempest falls dead and Christ stands with his feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, thou into the calm sky, then afraid the church of God is going to be a controlled to the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance and they cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sen obey him?"

ALWAYS HAVE CHRIST IN THE SHIP. The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very inportant to have Christ in the ship; for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ should say: "Why, captain, what do had not been present. Oh, what a you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" lesson for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we only way to get rid of the chaff is to start, let us always have Christ in the throw all the wheat overboard." Now, ship. All you can do with utmost teasion of body, mind, and soul, you teasion of body, mind, and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ throw overboard all the thousands and in every enterprise, Christ in every tens of thousands of souls who are the

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Monnt Hermon, and host Gonnesaret into feam and into agency; but it could not hart them. But here is another man who starts out in world be uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After a white the storm domes and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life. On, for such days as Jonathan Edwards and the long boat the shorif There are men who ask God's help

and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down-no Christ in the ship. go down—no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it Arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the wayes of trial deep the soul, when the waves of trial dash

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect

smooth sailing.

DON'T EXPECT SMOOTH SAILING.

These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said:

"What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that follife of the apostles of Jesus Christ?
You would say, if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head.

St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sail-ing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire; the tempest! John Huss in the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say? Some young man in a store trying to some God while his baths, everything attractive and beau-tiful—all styles of vegetation in short employer scoffs at Christianity; the nistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his relig-ion, trying to get him mad. They suc-

ceed in getting him mad, saying, "You're a pretty Christian!" Does It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill an oleander. Roman contlement in pleasure hoats sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother de-spises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. The question was asked: "Who are those nearest the throne?" And

the answer came back: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation-great flailing, as the original has it; great flailing, great pounding and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb. Oh, do not be disheartened! Take courage. You are in glorious compantonship. God will see you through all trials and he will deliver you. My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get

BE NOT AFRAID. rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the various errors go-ing over the church of God; we are night. Run up all the sails, ply all the cars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm, as it comes on with great stride, and all the terrors. my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of smaller boats like petrels poise on the cavern and say, "We have captured cliffs of the waves and then plunge." Gossamer thread after gossahim." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread, until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After a while the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the spullight; he

he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ; he seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord; he will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after a while the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give

truth and error a fair grapple and truth will come off victor. FOOLISH FEARS. But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other re-spects; they are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say: "Oh! this be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship cap-tain, with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all the cargo;" and the sailors Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to that is a great deal wiser than the talk subjects of revivals. Throw all over-board because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great re-

that in the early part of this century a revival broke out at Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunsette to get John Livingston to ston the residual John Livingston to stop the revival.
Well, there was no better soul in all
the world than John Livingston. He
went and looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Subbath, and looked

over the solemn auditory, and he said:
"This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly!" And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom, as the cane kept falling and falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said: "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane," and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of perdon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for gales from heaven to sweep all the continents! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals.

of God is not in revivals. GOD AND MAN IN ONE PERSON. Again, my subject impressed me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here he is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired he looks; what sad dreams he must have! Look at his countenance; He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at him, he is a man-

come. Look at him, he is a manbone of our bone, flesh of our flesh.
Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man.
But then I find Christ at the prow of
the boat; I hear him say: "Peace, be
still;" and I see the storm kneeling at
his feet, and the tempests folding their
wings in his presence; he is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble, and
want sympathy, I go and kneel down
at the back part of the boat and say:
"Oh, Christ! weary one of Gennesaret,
sympathize with all my sorrows, man
of Nazareth, man of the cross." A quer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death, and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say: "Oh, the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!" A man, a man; a God, a God.

I learn once more from this subject hat Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and he puts his foot on the storm, and it crouches at his feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the house-hold, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleed-ing heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and the crumbling stairways. Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your

You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket or in the locket didn't look as a usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church home circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said: "I have so much bank stock, I have so have so much bank stock, I have so many government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in my keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away. God said: "There are treasures" to him the destruction of a fine view by the erection of a tall factory chimney. Mr. Milnes, no doubt, expected that his guest would readily concur; but the philosopher was not in a concurring mood, and his reply was: "I have been under your hospitable roof this is the first evidence I have seen that any work is being carried on in this neighborhood which is of any utility to mankind." This is the sort of reply which sensitive conversationists find slightly discouraging.—Example of the philosopher was not in a concurring mood, and his reply was: "I have been under your hospitable roof this is the first evidence I have seen that any work is being carried on in this neighborhood which is of any utility to mankind." This is the sort of reply which sensitive conversationists find slightly discouraging.—Example of the philosopher was not in a concurring mood, and his reply was: "I have been under your hospitable roof this is the first evidence I have seen that any work is being carried on in this neighborhood which is of any utility to mankind." This is the sort of reply which sensitive conversationists find slightly discouraging.—Example of the philosopher was not in a concurring mood, and his reply was: "I have been under your hospitable roof the philosopher was not in a concurring mood, and his reply was: "I have been under your hospitable roof this is the first evidence I have been under your hospitable roof the philosopher was not in a concurring mood, and his reply was: "I have been under your hospitable tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never hreak."
Jesus hushing the tempest. There is
one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death; all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our guide.

Into the harbor of heaven now we gitte;
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on the bright, silv'ry tide,
We're home at last.

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glorified shore; Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're home at last.

If was on Watling Island, in the Bahamas, that Columbus first set his foot, after weary weeks of almost hopeless groping across the Atlantic.

the pages of a book was separating the columns of the London Polyglot Bible, completed in 1600, by ruling red lines between the columns of print on each page. Five red lines were necessary on each page. These were made by hand, of course, and called for the expectation of the greatest skill and care.

This sacred "Altar of Heaven" was a beautiful tripal circular terrace of white marble, with three roofs of blue tiles, and close to the "Temple of the board of trustees having decided to the board of trustees having decided to the columns of the London Polyglot Bible, ingly the superstitious Chinese be lieve that the temple was burnt down as a judgment, although the fire was apparently caused by incendiaries.

Co-Education is Pennsylvania.

Co-education, at least in a modified form, will soon become an established fact at the University of Pennsylvania, the board of trustees having decided to the columns of the London Polyglot Bible, ingly the superstitious Chinese be lieve that the temple was burnt down as a judgment, although the fire was apparently caused by incendiaries.

Co-education, at least in a modified form, will soon become an established form, will soon become an established form. printed pages. This is the famous bible which was at first dedicated to the Lord High Protector Cromwell, but who, in a substituted dedication to Charles II, after Cromwell's death, is pleasantly styled "Draco Ille Magnus," "That Great Dragon!"—Detroit Free

He Struck It. "You see," she began, as she entered the village newspaper office, "our church is to give a social. Here it is all written up. It won't make over a half column, and, of course, you'll be glad to publish it for nothing."

"Y-e-s," slowly replied the editor.

"Here is one paragraph we want

OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.

And so the dreary night hours go; Some marts beat where some hearts bres

Some wills faint where some wills fight, Some love the tent, and some the field; I often wonder who are right— The ones who strive, or those who yield? Some hands fold where other hands

Are lifted bravely in the strife; And so through ages and through lands Move on the two extremes of life. Some feet halt where some feet traul In threless march, a thorny way:
Some struggle on where some hare flesh
Some struggle on where some hare flesh

Some swords rust where others clark, Some fall back where some move on Some flags furl where others flash Until the battle has been won. Some sleep on while others keep The vigils of the true and brave They will not rest till roses creep

What the "Tots" Say. A little girl from a charitable in tution spent a day in the country knew so little of green things grow that she pulled up weeds and shint see how they were fastened in ground. An ear of green corn given her to play with. "Oh! oh she said, "it's all wrapped up in little green blankets."
Sidney and Edna were amu ingthem

seives and their parents ty telling Bible stories in their own childist language. In telling of Joseph and his brethren Sidney could not recal the exact words to describe Joseph many hued coat, so hesitating a moment he finally exclaimed, "Why, his crazy coat, you know!" an early inspection of the kilchen. After interviewing the cook he found that they were to have boiled eggs, of which he was very fond. He ran through the hall shouting to the family to "Hurry up, for we are roing to have eggs for breakfast with the cov-

No Tips For Girls. I went into a Clark street restauran where girls are employed as waiters I saw a man give one of them a 'tip table and asked her if it was custo ary for girls to get fees-or "tips as it is most generally called-for se vice. She said no, and san said it wit an emphasis and intentness that would younger man. "I have been in this business," she said, "for many years, and this is the first time -the very first time-I ever had tip. I have worked in seme of the big restaurants of the country, but I never saw a girl receive a tip. men waiters, but never did I see one enemy crack. of my own sex fee one of her own sex. that is, we are told not to, but this is the first time I ever had an opporta-nity to refuse. I have often wondered why men get fees and women don't."

-Chicago Tribune.

The little anecdote of Carlyle related by Lord Houghton to the members of the Yorkshire college is said to be characteristic of its hero. It appears

Moorish ports. Thus from Laraich last year, in a total export valu trywomen in sieves. The reason converted into birdseed, and hence they sow the two together. - New York

China feels just now under the direct lispleasure of heaven, manifested by One of the most remarkable instances of patient toil in ornamenting the pages of a book was senarating the

wooden posts treated as follows, at a cost of a penny spicee, will last so long that the person adopting it will not live to be his posts decay. Take beited the set of any stir in pulverized control to the consistency of posts, and put a cost over the timber.

A tradesman of Lyons, in France, of the name of Grivet, a man of mild

PULASKI, TENN.. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1889.

number of others, to die next morning. Those who were already in the cave pressed around the newcomer to sympathize with and to fortify him. But Grivet had no need of consolation; he was as calm as if he had been tion; he was as calm as if he had been in his own house. "Come and sup with us," said they; "this is the last inn in the journey of life; to-morrow we shall arrive at our long home." Grivet accepted the invitation and supped heartily. Desirous to sleep as well, he retired to the remotest corner of the cave, and, burying himself in his straw, seemed not to bestow a thought on his appreaching fate.

The morning arrived. The other prisoners were tied together and led away without Grivet's perceiving anything or being perceived. Fast asleep, enveloped in his straw, he neither saw nor was seen. The door

neither saw nor was seen. The door of the cave was locked, and when he awoke, after awhile, he was in the ut-most astonishment to find himself in most astonishment to find himself in perfect solitude. The day passed and no new prisoners were brought into the cave. The judges did not sit for two days. Grivet remained all this time in his solitude, subsisting on some scattered provisions which he found in the cave, and sleeping every night with the same tranquillity as on the fourth day the turnkey brought in a new prisoner, and become as one thunderstruck, on seeing a man, or, as he almost believed, a spirit, in the cave.

appeared. "Who are you?" said he to Grivet, "and how came you here?" Grivet answered that he had been there four days. "Doubtless," he added, "when my companions in misfortune were led away to death I slept and heard nothing, and no one thought to awaken me. It was my misfortune, since all would now have been past, whereas I have now lived with the prospect of death always be-fore me; but the misfortune now will undoubtedly be repaired and I shall

Grivet was summoned before the ribunal. He was interrogated anew. It was a moment of leniency with the judges, and he was set at liberty.—
Thic. go Tilnes.

One morning, says a traveler in Java, I was standing beside a small baboon species — a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief. The ape, from his position, saw a

water, just beneath the teak limb where lay the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the boa, which fell with a splash into the water just in front of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to the limb of the tree; but a battle royal immediately began in the water.

The crocodile had fixed its jaws in the snake, which made the water boil I worked in a Philadelphia restaurant by its furious contortions. Winding its folds round and round the body of ployed. I have seen the customers fee the men, but never a fee for the poor girls. I have even seen fee made the scales and bones of his

> Over and over the combatants rolled, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage.
>
> All this time the cause of the mischief was in high glee. He leaped up and down the branches, came several times close to the scene of the fight, uttered a vell, and again frisked away.

took occasion one morning to lament to him the destruction of a fine view by the erection of a tall factory chiming faces at them. This seemed to be have been under your hospitable roof this is the first evidence I have seen that any work is being carried on in thick branches,—Youths' Companion.

James Miller. Writing of James Miller reminds writing of James Miller reminds one that the first martyr of what is now Somerville, contributed to the cause of liberty in 1775, was named James Miller. It was on the day of the Concord fight. The British were retreating pell mell to Boston. Their line of march lay through what is now Washington street, Somerville. A few rods west of the corner of that street and Medford street and just at A few rods west of the corner of that street and Medford street, and just at the base of glorious old Prospect hill—whereon the first stars and stripes ever flung to the breeze was raised, according to some historians—Miller, a man 70 years of age, by the way, took his place behind a stone wall with a farmer neighbor and began blaze away at the passing redcoats.

The fire getting too hot for safety, the officer in command of the British troops sent back a platoon to dislodge the plucky Americans. the plucky Americans,
"Come, James, it is time for us to
go," said Miller's companion, prepar-

ing to retreat. 'No," came the determin from the hero's lips. "I am too old to run," and, facing the foe proudly and defiantly, he fired his last shot, and with thirteen bullets in his heart, ere the smoke of his own rifle had cleared away, he fell dead. Yet the scene of Miller's martyrdom is unmarked today,—Boston Globe. Dolly Was a Dude.

Miss Sharpe (as Dolly Nobrains en-ters the room)-O, how you startled Dolly-No, did I, weally! Miss Sharpe-Yes; I thought it was

ercise of the greatest skill and care, tiles, and close to the "Temple of the board of trustees having decided for a single blot ruined at least four Heaven," or "Temple of Prayer for to accept Col. Bennett's proffer of the the Year." It was erected about the year 483, and was used for the annual imperial spring wifice in February.

A bullock was tuen burnt before the altar, while the emperor prostrated himself before the tablet of the supreme ruler of the universe, and afterwards before his ancestral tablets, and the southeast corner of Thirty-fourth and Walnut streets, for the establishment of a college for women. The outlines of the plan that will be pursued cannot, of course, be known until the board of managers shall have been chosen, but from the tenor of the wards before his ancestral tablets, an- been chosen, but from the tenor of the other bullock being killed for each emperor commemorated. Finally a prayer was read from a scroll, which was subsequently burnt upon the alparent that the system will probably tar, in order that the petition might ascend in flame to heaven. The emperor will perform the same ceremony next spring before the ruined altar.—

London Graphic.

London Graphic.

London Graphic. the women's college will have a fac-ulty of its own and whether its ex-"A man who has tried it" says that coutive board will be a man or a wo

Skulls of Roman soldiers, the teeth seing perfect, have been discovered in he chalk at Folkstone. Mrs. Mona Caird, who started the "Is Marriage a Failure?" business, has been studying Buddhism. There is a young giantess 6 feet 8 mehes high, said absolutely to be only 13 years old, on exhibition in London. She is a Don Cossack.

The fast mail service between New York and San Francisco has been reduced to four days, twenty-two hours and forty-five minutes.

"What a fine thing old age is," said M. Augier not long before his death. "One is surrounded with care, atten-tion and respect. But what a pity that it lasts so short a time."

A sturgeon fourteen feet long was caught in the Sacramento river, near Chico, last week. Instead of killing it the fishermen fastened a rope to the body and turned it loose in the river to get fat. They feed it on the entrails of salmon, and the captive likes the

Little Jim was but a few years old when there was a wedding in the family. The aged grandmother kept her seat during the ceremony. In telling about it afterward Jim said: "We all stood up and got married 'cept grandma!"

A novel advertisement appears in a Gioucester (Mass.) paper. It is from a property holder, and notifies a certain gang of hoodlums that he intends to assert his rights against annoyance. It also reminds the parents of hoodlum minors that there is a legal responsibility for destruction of property, and closes with the remark that if the police did their duty there would be no occasion for the advertisement.

assert his rights against annoyance. It also reminds the parents of hoodlum minors that there is a legal responsibility for destruction of property, and closes with the remark that if the police did their duty there would be no occasion for the advertisement.

The farmers of the neighborhood of Hiawatha, Kan., are burning corn for fuel, finding it cheaper than coal. Corn is sold on the farm for twenty cents per bushel, while the average price of coal delivered at the farm ranges from twenty-one to twenty-three cents per bushel. The Farmers' alliance brought the attention of the farmers to the relative prices of the two commodities, and advised that half the corn crop be used as fuel, thus advancing the price of the other half and saving money in their fuel bills. The farmers have begun to act on this advice.

The construction of the canals designed to overcome obstructions in the

signed to overcome obstructions in the Tennessee river at Muscle shoals has been completed. It was begun by \$4,000,000 has thus far been expended in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, evidently taking his morning nap.

Above him was a powerful ape of the canals will give water transportation nine months in the year from Chat-tanooga to the Mississippi river.

Are women more charitable than men? The London street sweepers do not think so. One of them on being asked for an opinion replied that it was no use asking ladies for a gratuity; they never did and never would give a poor man anything. Another said that a lady occasionally gave him a penny when her purse was handy. And still another said he never heard of a lady even noticing a poor sweeper.

The marvelous growth of the colonies is now a familiar story. Certainly nothing more remarkable has been seen in the history of the world. During the fifty years succeeding the accession of her majesty, the area governed by the queen, exclusive of Great Britain, increased from 1,100,000 to 8,400,000 square miles; the European population of the colonies creased from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000; the colored population from 9,800,000; the colored population from 9,800,000 to 26,200,000; and the state revenues of possessions beyond the seas grew from

nttered a yell, and again frisked away.
Perhaps ten minutes passed, and the noise of the conflict began to fade into silence. The folds of the serpent were relaxing, and though they trembled along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water. The crocodile, also, was dead.

The monkey now perched on a low limb just above the dead bodies of his two foes, and amused himself by making faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. I picked up a stone from the edge of the lake and hurled it at the ape. It struck him on the lead and down he fell, upon the crocodile's body. He was up again in a moment, and sprang into the teak tree, where he disappeared among the thick branches.—Youths' Companion.

Z. T. Devore, a Parkersburg (W. Va.) merchant, owns a dog of superior intendent two feet from the ground; the tree will then be about five feet in diameter, and say six feet up to the branches. This stripping is worthless. The inner bark appears blood red, and if it is split or injured the tree dies.

After eight or ten years the bark has again grown in, and then the tree is again stripped four feet from the evening papers are taken to the house, and is used as floats for fishing nets. In the lead and down he fell, upon the crocodile's body. He was up again in a moment, and sprang into the teak tree, where he disappeared among the thick branches.—Youths' Companion.

The Deserving Foor.

As superintendent of the Provident As superintendent of the Provident association, which seeks to relieve the distress of the worthy poor, I disagree entirely with the great mass of matter printed and preached about the mendicant class. This is all to the effect of poor whom our organization de-sires to benefit. The self respecting poor man or poor woman in dozens of instances that come under my notice every winter shrinks from asking alms until he or she has reached a state of destitution that is pitiable, and which we never intend should be reached. They sell everything that will bring a coin before coming to us, and then in tears and trembling. Many of them, after awaiting for hours to pluck up courage to tell their sad stories, would depart with the words unsaid if we did not look for just such people. We frequently issue relief tickets, which are returned but half used because the head of the family has found work, and desires not to eat the bread of charity.—Rev. Edward
Flach in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
A railread dog, who travels steadily
with his master in the cab of a Denver
and Rio Grande locomotive, is said to
be highly valuable in many ways. He

show his proficiency in swimming as a method of proving his desirability as a guest; yet such was the experi-ence of a missionary to Africa, who tells his story in "Two Kings of Ugan-

plishment in Buganda. One day, when I had obtained audience with King Mwanga, he asked me eagerly, "Can you swim?"
"Yes," I replied, "a little."
"Will you swim in my pond?" he "I should be most happy "When will you do it!"

THE AMERICAS.

Comparative Areas of the Central and Central and South America embrace an area a little greater than twice the extent of country in the United States and territories, and a population of about 50,000,000, or about one-sixth smaller than the population of the re-

public.

Mexico covers an area just about equal to that part of the United States east of the Mississippi river, exclusive of the states of Louisiana and Mississippi, and has 10,000,000 mhabitants.

The five Central Anaesican republics of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Hoaduras, Nicaragua and Salvador cover an extent of country about the size of the five states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, and have a population equal to both New York and Indiana.

Brazil's area is somewhat greater

Brazil's area is somewhat greater than that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and her population is about that of New York, Pennsylvania

The Argentine Republic, with about half the area of the United States, has a population not quite as large as Penn

Colombia is nearly equal in extent to New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, with a population probably little less than that of New York state

the population of Cleveland. French Guiana, somewhat larger than Ohio, has about as many inhabitants as Toledo. Dutch Guiana, nearly as large as Pennsylvania, has no more inhabi-tants than Columbus.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Corks are an article of convenienc which little attention is commonly given, and yet immense fortunes hav cultivation and manufacture form an mportant item in the industries of in. An account of this from Mr Day's work on that country is of inter-

best in poorest soil. It will not endure frost, and must have sea air, and also an altitude above the sea level. It is found only along all the coast of Spain, the northern coast of Africa and the northern shores of the Mediterranean. There are two barks to the tree, the outer one being stripped for use. The cork is valuable according as it is soft and velvety.

The method of cultivating it is in

224,000,000 to £122,000,000 a year.

Z. T. Devore, a Parkersburg (W. Va.) ten years old it is stripped of the outer bark for about two feet from the

I know a man in St. Louis who h put in a month's good, hard study on the phonograph and practiced with one until he thoroughly understood its op-eration. Then he went to the physical sciences for the principles of the me-chanical talker, and submerged him-self for a time in sound waves and things like that until he had a good, hard grasp of their ideas. Now he has gone to work experimenting on an idea of his own, and if he is successful St. Louis will have an inventor second only to Edison. His idea is that the sound waves, whose curves are cu upon the soft cylinders of the phono graph, can be so manipulated by mag nifying or some other means, and stu ied, that they can finally be systematized and read from the cylinder, like the words of a book, without the aid of an articulating phonograph. It would be an immense stride forward if this could be done, and I certainly see no reason why it should not. We know that a cornet makes a peculiar line on the cylinder in sounding a cer-tain note. The human voice makes another kind of line and the banjo another. The three together, striking the same note, make a fourth kind of can scent cattle on the track when they cannot be seen and drives them off when they are indisposed to get off.

Amusing the King.

One would think it odd, to say the least, if, on visiting the court of a civilized country, he were called upon to show his proficiency in swimming as

A Learned Monarch King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway the honorary president of the Orie congress that sat recently at Stock-holm, is without doubt the most learned monarch in Europe. Born o Jan. 21, 1829, he did not ascend t throne before 1872, when his broth Charles XV, died, and he devot much of his time, especially before but even after, this event, to har-study, scientific research and literary pursuits. More than forty years ago king Oscar made a somewhat extend ed journey to Egypt and other castern "When will you do it?"

"Whenever you wish."

"Will you come now?" he asked, with great interest.

"Is it not too late?"

"Ah, you will not come now?" he repeated, in a disappointed tone.

"Yes, now, if you like," I said.

Bo up got the king, stepped from his throue, took me by the hand and led me out, followed by a crowd of pages, and we made our way to the pond. It was rather muddy, but I took off my clothes and, plunging into the water, swam about to the king's great satisfaction and delight. He had evidently doubted my proficiency in so great an art, and when he found that I was no deceiver his respect for me was underented the learned men assembled there with his linguistic knowledge. His address in French at the opening of the congress was admirately deceiver his respect for me was undeceiver his respect for me was undeceiver his respect for me was undeceived.

ex-general, ex-minister, ex-deputy, ex-party chief, ex-future dictator, and is now living in exile.

THE THE THE PARTY OF THE PARTY What is

Paregorio or Narcotio Syrups. lions of Mothers bless Casto

F. M. BUNCH.



Plows. WAGON Harnes

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detal, Burial Robes, etc., and are prepared to atten

MORGAN C. FITZPATRIC.

J. A WHITE & CO., years before anything can be realized from the tree, and for this reason the Spaniards, who are not fond of looking after posterity, plant few new trees.—Youth's Companion.

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